Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not displeasd with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
Satur. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Ransomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiquam* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours garde?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprisde,
Satur. Surprisde, by whome?
Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
Mutius Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Exeir

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aron the Moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satur And therefore lowely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nimphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, til from forth this place,
I lead espousde my Bride along with me.
Tamora. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,